

The Way to Build up Wrangell;
Patronize Wrangell Merchants

ALASKA

SENTINEL.

Money Spent Here is Used Here;
Send it East, and it is Gone

VOL. 7. NO. 1

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1908.

\$2.00 PER YEAR

Department Store

Come and see our window display of

Bridge & Beach Stoves

Heaters and Ranges. Unquestionably the most satisfactory line in the country, and obtainable only here at this store. Prices run from \$11 to \$50.

Logging and Hunting Outfits

Hills' Coffees

Our Store News This Week

is of especial interest. The liberal share of patronage our efforts have met this fall in following the policy of

Small Profits and Quick Returns

encourages us to continue our close cash prices on Groceries in Wholesale Quantities. Our ability to buy on a large scale and carry a big stock enables us to sell at prices that beat competition from the outside or otherwise. Give us a call when you are in the market.

Carnation Milk

If you want the best sleep that money can buy—and life is worth nothing without rest—let us sell you a

Famous Ostermoor Mattress

at the same retail price as in New York City. We are Sole Agents.

Ammunition and Camp Supplies

F. MATHESON

General Merchant and Forwarding Agent

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Interpreted Service, 10:30 A. M., Sunday.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M., Sunday.
Christian Endeavor, 3:30 P. M., Sunday.
English Service, 7:30 P. M., Sunday.
Midweek Interpreted Service, 7:30 P. M., Wednesday.
Midweek English Service, 7:30 P. M., Friday.
Library Association meeting in library rooms the first Tuesday in each month at 7:30 P. M.
J. S. CLARK, Pastor.

ST. PHILIP'S—EPISCOPAL
Holy Communion, first Sunday in each month, at 10:30 A. M.
Morning Prayer (Other Sundays) interpreted for Natives, 10:30 A. M.
Junior Christian Endeavor, 11:30 A. M.
Bible School, 2:00 P. M.
Vespers—Native service, 3:30 P. M.
Service in Norwegian about every fourth Sunday at 4:30 P. M.
Evening Prayer and service, 7:30 P. M.
Ladies' Aid every second Tuesday evening.
Native prayer meeting each Wednesday evening.
Service of Song, Friday evening, 7:30.
Native Choir, Saturday evening.
Free Night School every evening, except Sat.
HARRY P. CORSEK, Rector.

SALVATION ARMY
Regular Meetings Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M.
Knee Drill, Sunday morning, 7:30.
Service at Jail, Sunday, 10:00 A. M.
Sunday School, 2:00 P. M.
Regular service Sunday evening, 7:00.
EMMA MILLER, Corps Commander.
THOS. TAMAREE, Sergeant-Major.
ROBT. SMITH, Adjutant.

OUR WEEKLY PEER AMID

Items of Interest Gathered From Here and There

Don't Forget to Hand your Specimens of Vegetables, fruits, Berries, shells, fossils, Fancy work, or anything Beautiful or extraordinary To the committee of the Auxiliary for exhibition at the big fair in 1909.

By helping the ladies you help the town; and we should all take interest.

The Dolphin stopped in Saturday on her way south.

Watch the show windows of the Shurick Drug Co., and see the fine stock of holiday goods.

Captain Parrott has sufficiently recovered from his sprained ankle as to lay aside his crutches.

A Chamber of Commerce has recently been organized at Skagway.

Some fine black cod have been brought into town during the week from the banks in Frederick Sound.

Mr. Bissell, of the Zarembo Mineral Water Co., came down on the Dolphin and stopped off to talk business for a few days.

A railing has been put along the walk above the public school, making it much safer to persons traveling along that walk at night.

The Chamber of Commerce failed to connect last Thursday night, as most of the members desired to attend the moving picture show.

Juneau sportsmen wishing to borrow a fine shotgun will be accommodated by asking Frank H. Newball for his new Remington automatic. He will also loan his rubber boots if you insist.

LOST—On Front Street, a gold pin in shape of a Maltese cross, bearing words "Pacific Training School for Nurses." On back is owner's name, "Vera E. Land." Finder return to this office. Reward.

Mr. Frank Causten gave two moving picture exhibitions and a matinee at the Red Men's Hall, this week, and they were the best ever given in the town. The light was good, and the films and pictured songs all new, and they were highly enjoyed by all who attended.

After conducting the wreck investigation at this place, the inspectors left for Ketchikan, Thursday last, to pursue the questioning of the crew of the Kayak. They gave out no information in regard to the result of the investigation, and it will probably be several weeks before anything authentic reaches the press.

Parties desiring to send mail to the Arctic should send it to Dawson in care of the Northwest Mounted Police before the 20th of December. The expedition will leave Dawson about Christmas for Fort McPherson and Herschel Island, going by the head of Peel River, then down the McKenzie.

The Ragnhild came down from the Narrows, Thursday night, after herring with which to supply the demand for halibut bait at Petersburg. The crew of the steamer made a few hauls and took nearly a hundred barrels of herring. With the herring were a large number of fine smelt, and these were given to anybody who would ask for them. We had a few messes of the little fish and enjoyed them very much.

It's time for Wrangell to get busy if she expects to derive any benefit from the exposition.

A brand new nonpareil dress on the Juneau Record improves the appearance of that paper and gives it a metropolitan tone.

C. E. Jury and Charley Bellby went to Juneau on the Jefferson. From there they will probably go east on business connected with mining property.

Dr. Kaser and wife came down from Juneau last week, and the Dr. spent a day or two among the ducks and geese on Stikine flats. The shooting was one of the best, however, and he only got six mallards. He expressed the intention of trying it again at a future date.

Dr. Schroeder is the name of a late arrival from Portland, Oregon, who has come to make Wrangell his home. As his name indicates, he is a physician and surgeon. He hails from a mighty good city, looks like a good fellow, and we trust he will do well in his new home.

Surgeon Olsson of the revenue cutter McCulloch says that forty per cent of the natives of the Aleutian Islands are dying of tuberculosis, caused by their observance of the custom of kissing their dead during the funeral ceremonies. Forbidden to press their lips to the infected lips of the departed, thus carrying the germs from the dead to the living, the natives are doomed.

Juneau Dispatch: "H. Sokoloff, a Russian employed at the Occidental hotel, has perhaps the first printed copies of the first American and Russian newspaper ever published in Alaska. The paper was called the Alaska Appeal, and is filled with news of Wrangell and Stikine. Mr. Sokoloff's father preserved the copies and bound them in book form. They date from 1876 to 1879."

The following story is going the rounds of the papers up north. It is a lie-kely story: "Joe Kanaka, a Jap, was out in pursuit of large game a few days ago in the vicinity of Knik. Instead of being armed with a .30-30 or any other firearm he carried only a coil of rope. Seeing a black bear feeding near a prospector's trail he sprang upon the bear's back and quickly had a noose of the rope around Bruin's neck. The Jap held to one end of the rope and succeeded in tangling the bear in its coils, but the bear tore Kanaka's clothing to shreds and stripped it from his body. When the bear was thoroughly tangled, the Jap beat him into submission and led him into Knik.

KILLED HIM IN SELF DEFENSE

Citizens Cheered When Verdict Became Known

Petersburg was last Thursday night the scene of a shooting affray which resulted in the death of John Hegbloom, at the hands of Charley Knipple, both of whom are well known at Wrangell.

Hegbloom bore the reputation of being a desperate man when drunk, and had knifed a man at Cordova two or three years ago. He had also made several gun plays at Petersburg recently, during one of which he had fired two shots at young Sam Gauflin.

Knipple and Hegbloom occupied the same cabin in Wrangell about a year ago, and one night the latter came home drunk and commenced a quarrel with Knipple. He had a rifle in his hands at that time, and in order to prevent being shot, Knipple knocked him down, after which he had him arrested. This quarrel was settled peaceably and the two men were on the best of terms, supposedly, up to last Thursday, when Hegbloom put a gun in his pocket and went out to hunt Knipple. He had told several parties his intention to kill Knipple, who was warned by his friends to be on the lookout.

Charley went into S. L. Hogue's store and took a .38 Colt's automatic pistol from under the counter and put it into his pocket. After a few minutes Hegbloom went into the store and began to curse and abuse Charley. Charley told Hegbloom that he did not care to talk to him, as he was drunk and unreasonable. Hegbloom then reached both hands to his hip pockets, and Knipple, thinking he was going to pull the gun, fired, the bullet entering the left side of the neck and emerging just below the occipital bone, causing instant death.

The citizens of Petersburg elected L. L. Miller as a special officer, and Knipple surrendered himself and the pistol with which he did the shooting. They came to Wrangell in the steamer Starlight, and Marshal Grant and Commissioner Snyder left early Friday morning for the scene of the tragedy to hold an inquest.

The coroner's jury found that the deceased had been a dangerous man, and that Knipple had acted in self-defense in killing him. Knipple was discharged and when the verdict and judgment was made known the citizens of Petersburg cheered the jury, the marshal, commissioner, and Knipple.

The dead man was aged about thirty years, and when searched a .32 Colt's automatic pistol was found in his hip pocket. His remains were brought to Wrangell, Saturday, for burial, the expenses being paid by Mary Thomas, a woman with whom Hegbloom had been living, and whose reputation and color were both shady.

Knipple has worked at various camps about this section, and bears a reputation of being a sober, industrious and peaceful fellow.

PETERSBURG BOOMING

Little Town in the Narrows is Making Rapid Strides Ahead

An early-rising, late retiring community, new buildings going up on every hand, shipping three hundred boxes of halibut every week caught by a fishing fleet of about fifty schooners, and various other activities characterize Petersburg, the little town which stands near the northern entrance to Wrangell Narrows.

This writer had the good fortune to spend a night and part of two days at Petersburg during the week, and was surprised at the industry and energy and push to be found there.

No less than six new residence houses are in course of construction at any time, and several store buildings are also being erected. The new school house being built by the P. C. & N. Co. for the government is a handsome and substantial building. The wireless telegraph station is completed and awaits the installation of the apparatus. Jack Allen is just completing a nice building which is to be used as a restaurant, and numerous small cabins, just built, are in evidence in all parts of town.

Mr. O. P. Brown, manager of the Pacific Coast and Norway Packing Co., informed us that not less than six hundred people make Petersburg their headquarters at all times of the year. Of course, a large number of these are there at certain seasons of the year, but the estimate is made from the number served by the postoffice. He also said that every southbound steamer calling at Petersburg carried away from two hundred to five hundred boxes of halibut, the average being about three hundred boxes per week. The company

..Ladies' Waists..

We desire to call the attention of the Ladies of Wrangell and vicinity to our big line of

TAFFETA SILK WAISTS

These Waists are of excellent quality and are this years styles, having been bought from a Seattle Retail Store. In order to make room for more goods, we will close out this line at

25 Per Cent Discount, While They Last

Come in Quickly and See these Great Bargains

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

comprising everything with which to equip the home or camp

THLINGET TRADING CO.

carries on a mild curing business, and handles hundreds of tierces of salmon caught during the winter by trolling in the adjacent waters.

About fifty boats were tied up at town on account of a shortage of halibut bait, but all expected to be out in a day or two for the halibut banks.

S. L. Hogue is another of the prosperous business men whose business has grown with the town. A few years ago a very small building sufficed for his stock of general merchandise, but as the town went ahead his business increased until now his stock requires a large building, both floors of which are used. He is assisted in the store by Mr. John Thormodstad, a very efficient and accommodating gentleman. Besides this store, Mr. Hogue conducts a restaurant which does a good business.

John Gauflin has recently opened out a new and complete stock of general merchandise and bids fair to get his share of the business resulting from the assured future growth of the town.

Jack Allen holds to a strictly cash basis, but seems to be prospering, and he is soon to add a restaurant to his business.

Mr. Hadlan runs a pool and billiard room, carrying a nice stock of soft drinks, cigars, tobaccos, etc.

Mr. Fields sells meats, and is doing a good business.

Dr. Pryor, a young physician who has adopted Petersburg as his home, looks after the physical and tonorial ills of the people, and is doing well.

In fact, everybody in Petersburg appears to be making money, and they not only make it but spend it in improving the town. Substantial sidewalks are being built in all parts of town, and all improvements are of a permanent kind. The people of Petersburg are a healthy, whole-souled and public-spirited lot, ever ready with hands and purses to do anything that will in any way improve or benefit the town or community. The business men are not envious of one another, and as a result they can labor consistently for the advancement and improvement of the town. They encourage people to come and settle there, and nobody—especially the business men—would think of such a ridiculous or unwise thing as combining to drive out any industry that tends to improve the town or society. Here's a health to Petersburg in the Narrows.

NOTICE

All persons having any of the aluminum checks issued by the North Pacific Trading and Packing Company of Klawack, Alaska, are hereby notified to send or present same to the office of this company at Klawack for redemption before January 1, 1909, as no more of these checks will be issued.

H. F. SWIFT, Supt.

Philip Colby stepped off into the bene diet ranks Sunday evening, Adjutant Robt. Smith performing the ceremony. Capt. Bruce, Ed. Garlick, Frank Dandy and a number of Philip's other old till-cums, under the efficient leadership of Darby Choquette, gave Philip a nice serenade. Philip invited them into the house and served refreshments. Capt. Bruce made a neat little congratulatory speech, and at a late hour the party broke up, wishing Philip and his bride a long, happy life.

Stickine Tribe No. 5 Imp. O. R. M. Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed. J. H. WHEELER, Sachem. A. V. E. SNYDER, C. of R.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

How to make beaten biscuit: Mix one pint of flour and shortening with one pint of dynamite. Place whole in the oven: then beat it.

How to remove strawberry stain from white lawn dress: Take the material containing the stain and stretch it carefully. Then take a pair of sharp shears and cut carefully around the edges of the stain, removing the piece thus cut out. The stain will never again appear in the same spot.

How to keep a cook. First catch your cook. Then proceed noiselessly to the office of the register of deeds and place your house and lot in your cook's name. Then buy her a six-cylinder Pope Toledo and a pianola. Fit her up an elaborate boudoir on the first floor of the house. Hire her a manicurist, a butler, several hand maidens, also an Angora poodle. In this manner you may be able to keep your cook. Of course, extreme cases may require greater attention.

How to make a silk hat: Take one joint of stove pipe. Then catch seven or eight black cats, skin them and stretch the skins tightly about the stove pipe. Brush carefully. If the hat is too tall use a little shortening.

How to cure a bald-headed Brussels carpet: Take a pair of barber's clippers and clip the carpet all over, then shave it carefully with a safety razor so it will all look alike. It will all then grow out evenly.

S. C. SHURICK, M.D.

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Calls Attended Day or Night

Office in Rooms Vacated by Dr. DeVigne
WRANGELL, ALASKA

C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.

Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

Office in Patenaude Building
Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5
Other hours by Appointment
WRANGELL, ALASKA

THE WILLIAMSON HAFNER CO.
OUR CUTS TALK
ENGRAVERS-PRINTERS
DENVER

Tuesday morning our neighbor Burt Tucker was seen climbing up a ladder to the roof of his residence and turning flip-flops to the rocky beach below. We supposed he had lost his mental balance and we feared he would be injured. We therefore spoke to his father-in-law, E. P. Wellesley, about it, and the old man said: "He is all right, but a little excited; you see, his new baby is a boy and weighs ten pounds."

Don't Forget

to enclose a

Prospectus

with your next letter "back home."

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Hep your Home Industries and They'll Help You

PATENTS

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DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice without charge, in the Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$5 a year; four months, \$4. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co., 391 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 235 P. St., Washington, D. C.

HOLIDAY GOODS
Have Arrived
Watch This Space and Our Windows
The Shurick Drug Co.

Alaska Sentinel

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Wrangel, - - - Alaska

Pay as you go, but try to save enough to get back on.

Somehow, the majority of our good habits never get found out.

Can you name the seven candidates for Vice President without going to the newspaper files?

Nine thousand tailors go on strike in New York, thereby adding 1,000 men to the army of the unemployed.

When a girl is not sure whether she loves a fellow or not it means that there is another one hovering near.

Nothing has been heard lately concerning Mrs. Hetty Green. The probability is that she has gone to saving her money again.

Few sea serpents have been seen this year. This may be due to the prohibition movement which has been spreading across the land.

Caruso says he is glad his wife has eloped, as she was not "up to expectations." He is evidently a convert to the trial marriage idea.

Add highly technical decisions to technical statutes, and the way of the transgressor becomes a path of pleasantness and comfort.

It is idle talk of coming trouble between England and Germany. Don't King Edward and the Kaiser kiss each other whenever they meet?

Castro regrets that there are not more nations to quarrel with. That day is dull which does not bring him a new complication with the powers.

The rule forbidding tourists in the Yellowstone Park the right to carry weapons ought to be broadened and extended so that it shall apply to bandits.

Mrs. Jack Gardner surely is old enough to know that the makers of rare old tapestries in this country should be protected from the ruinous competition of old world artisans.

Richard Harding Davis has started a campaign to keep waste paper from littering up the streets. Which shows that some authors, at least, have a proper sense of their responsibility to the public.

A London shop girl crossed the Atlantic, remained in New York thirty minutes and then hurried back to London. Probably she did not like to keep the customer waiting any longer for the change.

A New York waiter has refused a liberal tip on the ground that he did not need the money. His fellow waiters threaten to expel him from his local for unethical conduct. He might have given the money to charity or started a fund for an old waiter's home.

"Vodka" bottles in Russia carry the imperial eagle on the labels—the "vodka" trade is a government monopoly—but a commission of the Duma, appointed to consider the drink evil, has lately recommended that the eagle be removed from the label, and a skull and crossbones be put in its place, with appropriate warnings against the use of the poison.

Israel Zangwill, the British novelist, has added a novel problem to the woman's suffrage question. Mrs. Humphrey Ward opposes votes for women. Mr. Zangwill finds that the reason for this is that as a novelist she has discovered and analyzed the weakness of her sex, and he replies that as a male novelist he has learned the "boundless vanity, selfishness, and hysterical emotionalism" of men. He concludes that his sex is utterly unfitted to be trusted with power. A question is raised here which readers of novels may answer for themselves. Do male writers idealize women, and do women fictionists idealize men? Did not Thackeray expound the vanity of woman as well as worship his saluts in muslin? And did not George Eliot make Maggie Tulliver more of a hero than Tom?

From the days of Herodotus and Marco Polo, travel has been recognized as an educative and civilizing experience. A year on the Continent of Europe is considered the best possible "finishing" course for English and American youth whose parents can afford it; but it is not so commonly perceived that a great and valuable advance is steadily going on in this country by virtue of the interchange of visitors between North and South and East and West. It is a commonplace that the United States presents great diversity of climate, and that it has been peopled from many different nations, of widely varying habits of life and thought. Such a diversity of elements united in one national entity would be a great source of weakness were it not for the constant travel for which Americans are noted. Much of this is due to the annual conventions of national organizations. The Christian Endeavor Society, the National Educational Association, the Grand Army, and many other bodies meet once a year, each time in a new place; and special railroad rates induce large numbers to visit cities which they might otherwise never see. The local pride of those who act as hosts insures a full appreciation of whatever is of interest in the surroundings; and the interchange of hospitality draws people from the different sections more closely together, and gives them an opportunity to broaden their outlook and get new points of view. In a smaller way, hundreds of trade associations and fraternal orders are doing the same thing for their members. The influence of it is probably greater than any one can see. It has demonstrated the fact that hospitality is not the exclusive possession of any one section; that communities which differ widely in their views on many matters may each have good reasons for the faith that is in them; and in the end it will greatly help to form and foster a feeling of national solidarity. Even the gain in mere geographical knowledge is something. "I have seen wonderful crops of corn and wheat in my country," said a recent Western visitor to the New England coast. "but this is the first time I have ever seen rocks growing out of the water."

According to a New York literary journal, a leading American publisher who has always had a fair number of first-rate and successful novels on his lists of new books has this year decided to exclude fiction altogether from his plans for the coming season. He holds that as an art fiction is nearing exhaustion and death, and that not only the discriminating public but the novelists themselves are conscious of this remarkable fact. The publisher is quoted as saying that the trouble is not, as some have thought, with the material available. Life is rich and full of possible plots, and, as a matter of fact, novelists never had as much to say as they have just now. Only, "they have never said it so dully" and inartisticly, and, therefore, readers will weary of sociological treatises in the form of novels, of psychological analysis, of clinical realism and minute description, and give up the modern novel entirely. In other words, fiction as an "art form" is in a decadent state and doomed to extinction. This agrees with an equally gloomy and semi-philosophical, "evolutionary" view which a French critic put forward some time ago. No art form, he said, was permanent. The essay is practically dead, although futile attempts are occasionally made to revive it; the sonnet is dead; the poetic drama is dead. What reason is there, then, for assuming that fiction is eternal? For his own part, he did not hesitate to predict its early disappearance. He contends that method, restraint, form, beauty, respect for tradition have been discarded by the novelists, and that their work, with few exceptions, is chaotic and nondescript, containing a little of everything but hardly anything that can be called art. In such pessimistic and sweeping talk much depends on the definition of "art" or "form." We have heard that modern music is not art, and it is not strange to hear that political, social, psychological, analytical novels are not "art." But is not the conception of fiction, of art in fiction, undergoing a change? Was not Shakespeare called a barbarian by the strict artists of his day? Was not Ibsen told that his poetry was not really poetry? If novelists claim greater freedom, are they not justified by the world's interest in their treatment of the questions that earlier novelists considered alien to art? As to the alleged dullness of modern fiction, what will the admirers of Mrs. Ward, of Mrs. Wharton, of James, of Howells, of Conrad, of Hewlett, of Miss Sinclair, of a score of others, say of the change? The general reader finds plenty of charm, of interest, of stimulation in the higher branches of contemporary fiction, and is not he the court of last resort? It is a safe guess that a generation hence fiction will be as vital and popular as it now is—which is saying a good deal.

The Beam and the Mote.
Little Dick, the village "bad boy," was wading through a shallow swamp catching frogs with a small landing net. It was slow work, for the frogs were nimble and exceedingly shy, but whenever he succeeded in capturing one he made sure that it did not get away by putting it in a tin bucket that had a perforated lid. He had just caught a fine specimen and transferred it to his bucket, when a young lady, who was out for a walk, happened along.
"Little boy," she said, "don't you know it's cruel to catch those poor little froggies?"
Dick straightened up and looked at her. She wore a gorgeous "creation" on her head, and something in its trimmings attracted his attention.
"I want 'em to wear on my hat," he said.

Just Like the Rich Folks.
"Marshall Field, Jay Gould and Potter Palmer habitually carried only small amounts in their pockets," said the man who has a taste for the odd.
"Well," responded his friend, "when I am gone you can truthfully say the same about me."—Washington Herald

The Lesser Evil.
"Of course," the tragedian was saying, "in the theatrical business a short run is bad—"
"But," interrupted the critic, "a good long walk is worse, isn't it?"—Exchange

One Good Turn Deserves Another.
"He is a most persistent wooer; he turns up at her house every evening."
"Yes, and as often as he turns up she turns him down."—Houston Post

When a man walks along the street between two women, he has every appearance of being under arrest.

ANOTHER ONE

"There was a new voice over the phone asking for you, Johnny," said the cashier gravely and with a shake of his head. "Another voice on the phone, another heart palpitating with fond expectancy, another victim to a young man's vanity, another—"

"Another spell," interrupted the bill clerk. "Another relapse into dottiness. Why don't you go and see a specialist?" "I fear me that you are a butterfly," sighed the cashier. "The sad conclusion is borne upon me that you flit from flower to flower, sipping the sweetness of each."

"Am I to blame if they won't let me alone?" asked the bill clerk, plaintively. "If they will run after me what can I do? I can't be rough and brutal with them, it's not my nature. I suppose I might spurn them when they come too thick; but, honest, I just hate to do it."

"Don't tell me," said the cashier severely. "You're a flitter. A plain flitter."

"Just as long as you don't call me a quitter," said the bill clerk.

"I wouldn't try to make a heartless jest of it," said the cashier. "It's nothing to grin about. If I won the trusting affections of a sweet young girl I'd hang right to them until death pried me loose. That's the way I did, as a matter of fact. You ask the madam." "I will some time," said the bill clerk. "I'm rather curious to hear what she will have to say about it. But, honest, do you think a fellow ought to stick to one girl? If he tied up to the first fairy he got a little foolish over he'd miss the right one, just as likely as not, and never know it. I've sat up with quite a few of 'em myself and it seems to me that they get better all the time."

"Lothario!" said the cashier. "Think of the wrecked and blighted young lives! Think of the rosy cheeks growing wan and pale over your fickleness!" "Anything to oblige," said the bill clerk. "I'll take a day off some time and think of 'em."

"He hasn't even the curiosity to ask who called him up!" said the cashier. "The fact that a trusting female is pining in his absence is nothing to him. Only one of many, I suppose." "That's the idea," said the bill clerk, pleasantly. "I can't keep track of 'em all. Another thing. I've lost a good deal of my curiosity since I've been around this office. It's like calling four aces with a pair of deuces."

"You speak dully and in riddles," said the cashier. "I can assure you, however, that the lady seemed anxious. She was not satisfied with the explanation that you had gone to lunch. She wanted to know how long you had been gone and when you would be back. She informed me that she was about to start downtown and would probably look in."

"Come off!" said the bill clerk, incredulously.

"Also she inquired if Saturday was the pay day in this office and she wanted to know if I wasn't your employer. I told her that I was and assured her that any confidence she might repose in me would be held sacred. Johnny," the cashier demanded, seriously, "why don't you pay the poor, hard-working woman what you owe her? She has to pay her grocer and her help and she can't afford to be boarding you right along on mere promises."

"Do you mean to tell me that Mrs. Canford called up and made any such break as that?" said the bill clerk, in some agitation.

"You heard what I said, didn't you?" said the cashier. "Why don't you pay her?"

"Because I've paid her already," said the bill clerk, triumphantly. "I'm not only paid up, but I'm a week in advance. That was one time I fooled you."

"Well, she's got a level head to make you pay in advance," said the cashier. —Chicago Daily News.

SHE WAS INSULTED.

The Sting in the Letter That Came For Her Husband.

"Harry, love," said Mrs. Knew to her husband when he entered his home a few evenings ago, "I've been dreadfully insulted."

"Insulted?" repeated Mr. Knew indignantly. "By whom?"

"By your mother."

"My mother, Flora? Nonsense, dear. She's the kindest woman in the world. And how could she insult you? She isn't here; she's miles away."

"But, Harry, she did insult me," persisted Flora, "and it was done in a letter."

"Show it to me."

"I'll tell you about it. A letter came for you this morning addressed in your mother's handwriting, and so, of course, I opened it."

THE REAL COWBOY.

No Longer an Animated Battery, but a Broncho Buster Still.
It is quite true that the cowboy of to-day is not a college man, nor one at all familiar with the manners and customs of polite society, says Out West. Neither does he go about his daily task with a brace of six-shooters slung at his hips and a repeating rifle held in the crook of his arm.

Barbed wire fences, steam railroads, police courts and penitentiaries have rendered such appearances superfluous. And immediately after pay day he does not sweep down upon the nearest town, shoot out the lights and take part in a gun fight or two.

For the \$30 or \$40 a month which he receives a strict attention to the duties of his job is expected, and in these days of strenuous competition a job is a precious thing. The life of the modern cowboy is as full of hard and monotonous work as that of an eastern farm hand, and there is very little difference in the intellectual and social standing of the two.

Though thousands of cattle are grazed on the plains of the Southwest, very few are shipped direct from the range to the market. The places of individual cattle kings have been taken by great stock companies which own numerous tracts of range land in various parts of the West.

A few years ago a dry season in southern Arizona meant the death of many cattle and very frequently the financial ruin of their owners. The old timers still tell stories of having walked for incredible distances on the carcasses of dead steers.

But all that is past—they do things differently now. Let a dry year come upon the southwestern ranges and the cattle are hustled on board a train and transported to the cattle companies' ranges in Colorado or Montana or Dakota, where the season is good and the feed abundant.

No long drives of hundreds of miles in search of new range as in the old days. Simply a day or two of rounding up, then a few hours' drive to the nearest shipping point on the railroad. Then perhaps a day in town for the cowboys and back again to the home ranch and the regular grind.

Though the cowboy is not a college graduate he is by no means an ignoramus. Usually he is American born and fairly well read, taking the same active interest in current topics and politics that other American citizens do. As a general rule he has been raised in the section in which he is employed and is of youthful appearance. He differs very little from the average American working youth, western dialect stories to the contrary notwithstanding.

In all cowboy bunkhouses there is a pile of current magazines, the contents of which are devoured with avidity. And one is not infrequently treated to the amusing spectacle of a youthful cowboy becoming so enamored of the kind of punchers pictured in modern fiction that he purchases a pair of utterly useless six-shooters, commences to walk with a swagger and to imitate the dialect of Red Saunders.

But if marksmanship is no longer a qualification of the cowboy, horsemanship is. The modern cattleman is as proud of his ability to ride anything on four legs as was ever broncho buster of bygone days, and this is the first fact impressed upon a tenderfoot.

Sonpoids.

Do you wash? It is a well-known medical fact that scrubbing the face and hands with chemical detergents is absolutely ruinous to the delicate outer fabric of the skin. You would not pour a can of petrol on the side of an aeroplane to make it go, would you? Why, then, attempt to open the pores of the cuticle and keep them working by the external application of saponaceous tablets and other inferior frauds of the kind? Beware of these as you would of a poison.

Water is equally dangerous. Why is it that you meet so many people every day in the street with gray smut-stained faces and toll-begrimed hands? Simply because they abrade and destroy the elegant envelope with which nature has provided their bodies. Instead of treating it rationally from within. The only way to be clean is to swallow soapoids, with their wonderful internal operation on the fibers and nerve tissues. However dusty or gritty you may be, one does of soapoids will set you right. The pores will spring open and shed off the unnatural accretion of foreign substances as a snake sloughs its skin.

Think, too, of the time and money you will save. No more tedious ablutions and ruinous water rates. You can swallow your soapoid as you walk to the office and be as bright as a new tin.

Our final word is if you have been washing, stop it; if you have not, don't begin. Spare your epidermis, and swallow soapoids. Try nature's way and be clean.—Punch

The Ivory Hunter.

First catch your ivory, then get it home—if you can. A man's troubles have barely begun when the tusks of the fallen monsters are chopped out, wrapped in sack and taken back to camp. Each weighs 50 or even 100 pounds. I have seen specimens that are on record as tipping the scales at 250 pounds. Suppose I have got together \$100,000 worth of fine ivory. I am perhaps a thousand miles from anywhere with this load of 50,000 or 60,000 pounds. There are no railroads, no wheeled vehicles, even no draft animals.

The stuff must be carried across the wilds of Africa on the backs of native porters, who think nothing of dropping their loads and deserting if the fancy happens to seize them. The worst of the hunting is nothing to what such a homeward march may mean. I have had my men shot down by hostile tribes from ambush with poisoned arrows. I have seen them die in agony from the bites of noxious insects. I have been attacked by bands of Dinkas, who knew the value of ivory as well as I did and who tried to help themselves to mine.—Everybody's Magazine.

VENOM OF THE MOSQUITO.

Agency in Spreading Disease Was Discovered Many Years Ago.

At the time of the discovery of the mosquito's agency in breeding disease it was not dreamed that far more than the germ of the truth had been revealed many years before, says the New York Sun. The truth was told in 1853 in the obscure columns of the Faceta Office, published at the port of Camana, Venezuela, and a little later in a brief note or two that the discoverer wrote to the Academy of Sciences in Paris. It was buried in those pages and forgotten, and has now been resurrected by the Havana Cronica Medico and the British Medical Journal.

In May, 1853, Louis Daniel Beauprethuy, a native of Guadeloupe and health officer at Camana, wrote to the Faceta Official that for fourteen years he had made a microscopic study of the blood and secretions in every type of fever and had discovered that yellow fever resulted from the stings of several species of mosquitoes. "The mosquito plunges its proboscis into the skin and introduces a poison which has properties akin to that of snake venom. It softens the red blood corpuscles, causes their rupture, and facilitates the mixing of the coloring matter with the serum."

Beauprethuy said a good word for the much-maligned swamp, whose reputation as a breeder of malaria and other fevers was widespread. "Marshes do not communicate to the air anything more than humidity, and the small amount of hydrogen they give off does not cause in man the slightest indisposition in equatorial and intertropical regions renowned for their unhealthfulness. Nor is it the putrescence of the water that makes it unhealthy, but the presence of mosquitoes."

In one of his short communications to the Paris Academy of Sciences, dated from Camana, June 18, 1850, he wrote that as early as 1839 his investigations in unhealthy locations in South America had convinced him that the so-called marsh fevers were due to a vegeto-animal virus "inoculated into man by mosquitoes."

Beauprethuy's facts and deductions were so remote from all the medical teachings of the day that they were doubtless laughed at and promptly forgotten. Probably the priority of his discovery will now be acknowledged, but it might have been a profound blessing to the world if scientific research had been able in the middle of the last century to proceed along the lines suggested by Beauprethuy's announcement.

"Fighting Before Ladies."
The Hon. Thomas Sharkey, refereeing a lightweight bout at the Englewood carnival, rebuked a too energetic pugilist. "Remember," he said, severely, "you are fighting before ladies."

The refining influence of women upon all conflicts, from polo to politics, is a pleasant theory. A greater man than Sharkey once disputed it. Telling how the wife of an opponent had been admitted to a famous ring side, he said: "Refrain! Influence of woman, huh! I'd got him good an' licked when she sings out 'Give it to him!' an' in less'n a minute he'd spiked me in the shin."

Women watched the fiercest jousts of helmeted knights in the days of chivalry, when broken necks were not uncommon. They witnessed the combats of gladiators, as they still do the bull fights in Spain and Mexico. They joy in the hot fights of the football field, a more prolific source of injury than the prize ring. Women are the cause of most private warfare, as land is the cause of most national warfare.—New York World.

Steel from the Ore.

Two Australian inventors have found a new process for the continuous treatment of iron ore, which is to be exploited throughout the world. It is a process for directly converting the ore into malleable iron or steel, and is said to effect a saving of 25 per cent. After the ore is concentrated it is passed through a revolving cylinder and brought into contact with the deoxidizing gas; thence it falls into a bottle of molten iron and is converted into steel or malleable iron, the whole process being automatic.

All Fixed.
"I want to tell you, old man," said Krotchett, "how thoroughly ashamed I am of the temper I displayed last night. Your wife and sister must have thought me crazy."
"No; they didn't," replied Brightly. "I fixed that all right."
"Ah; so good of you, old man."
"Yes; I told them you were drunk." —Philadelphia Press.

Before a girl marries, she prays that she may make him a good wife; after she marries, she asks the Lord to make him a better husband.

Young blood is powerful; but it can be too young.

THE GREAT AMERICAN HEN



For men or women who would give to poultry raising the intelligent attention that any business requires to make it go there are undoubtedly golden opportunities. As everybody knows, poultry raising has grown to be one of the most important industries in the United States. There are people who are not only making snug incomes, but are getting rich at poultry raising. A quarter of a century ago the poultry business was a money making proposition cut a comparatively small figure; not alone because the products then were away down in value, but because then there were not the facilities to aid in incubation and in safe brooding. Now it is said by a person who pretends to know that if the eggs eaten every year in the United States could be gathered beforehand and placed end to end, they would reach thirty times around the earth. In addition enough eggs are exported every year to reach from Denver to New York. Valued at an average of 20 cents a dozen the annual egg crop of the United States reaches a total of \$300,000,000.

All eggs look alike to the average consumer until they have been broken. But they are not alike in looks to the initiated, or in wholesomeness, or in flavor; and the general public is becoming gradually aware of that fact. Viewed externally, it seems as if nothing could get inside an egg. Apparently, it is sealed hermetically. Developed inside the body of the hen, away from contaminating influences, it appears to be safe. But it is not. "It is possible," says a high official in the Agricultural Department of the United States, which is making an extended study of poultry products, "for an egg to become infected with micro-organisms, either before it is laid or after. The shell is porous and offers no greater resistance to micro-organisms which cause disease than it does to those which cause the 'egg to spoil.'"

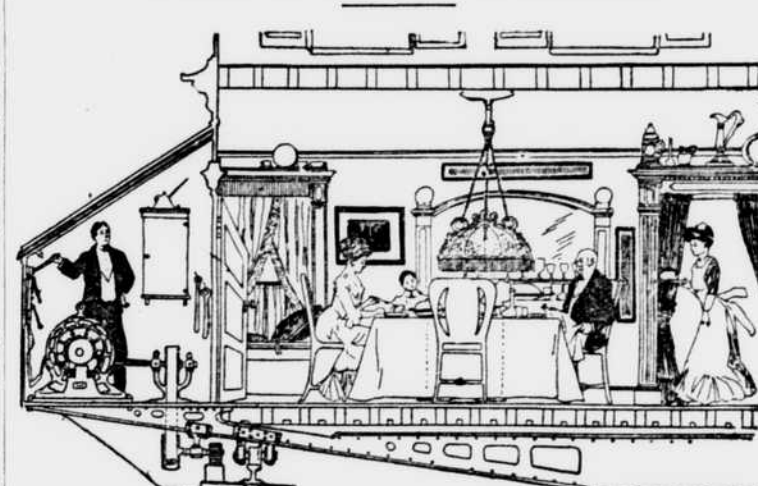
The food of the hen should be absolutely clean, her surroundings should be sanitary, and she should never be

permitted to range over garbage dumps or manure heaps. Her eggs should receive the most careful attention, and if possible should be placed in sanitary cases immediately after they are gathered. It should not be forgotten that contamination is likely to come anywhere, and for that reason constant care should be exercised. And if possible, don't eat an egg that is over thirty days old. It is not fit.

Aside from the professional poultry men, the amateurs and the farmers, there is still another class interested in poultry work. They are the thousands, or perhaps hundreds of thousands, who have no desire to go into poultry as a money making matter; who have not the room for extensive breeding pens, and who are profitably engaged in other work, and who have not time to devote to any considerable number of fowls. They are the people who have homes in the small cities, towns and villages, with ground rightly regarded as going to waste, or at least not earning anything. These people would like to go into the chicken business more for a diversion or hobby than anything else, and supply their own table with eggs and an occasional fowl. There is surely no good reason why they should not. Let a man who has the ground take up the matter just as he would were he going into the business as a means of livelihood. That is, he should use the same precautions in the selection of his stock, and the same judgment in its care. With a little attention given to a small flock of chickens, many families would find the income from other sources would go much farther.

The numerous poultry associations throughout the country are of great service to their members. At their meetings they discuss intelligently the different matters of interest, and protect each other from those who would impose upon or act unfairly with them. Of great use and interest are the annual poultry shows in various localities. Not only are these exhibitions of products of interest to the professional and amateur, but to the general public.

SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE REVOLVING HOUSE.



"JAMES, TURN THE HOUSE."

William Reiman, New York City, has had plans drawn for a revolving house which he will build at Bayside, N. Y.

Mr. Reiman's Bayside home will be the result of many years of thought over the matter of genuine home comfort, for he has often declared that, with the advantages of modern appliances and electricity, there seemed little reason for the sunny side of a house being in the sun all summer and the shady side being in the shade all winter.

Mr. Reiman would have a home the windows of which may follow the sunshine in winter or avoid it in summer. An architect has studied the problem and has completed plans for such a home, which will be built at a cost of \$35,000, exclusive of the real estate. As proposed, the house will be constructed on a turntable, which will be operated by electric power. The owner, in his library or bedroom, may press a button, and on the piazzas will sound a tinkling of bells to those who are about to enter or leave the house, warning them that the Reiman home is about to maneuver by either the right or left flank. Allowing family servants or guests time to get either in or out of the house, Mr. Reiman will then press another button, and the house will swing to right or left, as he may desire.

Sitting in his library window and wearying of the view, he may turn the house round and get another vista without leaving his chair, or if the breeze shifts and the owner of the house finds himself cut off from it he gives the alarm and moves his home around and around until he gets the breeze where he wants it. Of course sunshine and shade will be his to command, and if he desires to sleep late and the light is in his window he presses the button near his bed and swings away from the east.

The house was designed by Mr. Reiman himself, and the plans as drawn show that his scheme is eminently practical.

Mr. Reiman will have neither front nor back yard to his house. The lawn will be so laid out that the front entrance will fit at any point of the compass. The revolution of the house will be practically noiseless, and part of the turntable will be visible.

Mr. Reiman believes that his house will have a lot of hygienic advantages. "I have had this house in my mind for a number of years," he said. "Prior to the actual decision to build I made some experiments to test the feasibility of the plan. I do not look on the matter as a fad, for it is a question of common sense. There is no more reason why one should be roasted or chilled in certain rooms of a house year after year than there is that one should live on the outside of it. I am satisfied with the plans provided me, and I believe that others will build revolving houses, following my plans."

Mr. Reiman will begin building the house this summer and will have it ready in the late fall.

"I will use the colonial style of architecture for the house," he said. "The kitchen will be built away from it. There will be five bedrooms and baths on the second floor and on the first a large reception hall, dining-room, den, library and pantry. There is only one other house of this kind that I have heard of, and that one is said to be in Switzerland. The revolution will be practically noiseless. I have considerable trouble in sleeping, and that is the main reason why I am having this house built. If the sun is shining in my eyes in early morning, or if my room does not catch the breeze that may be blowing, I can just press a button at the side of my bed and remedy the matter."

Women spend money on some things as worthless as whisky.

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Missed His Vocation.

Reginald de Koven, the composer, tells of a grocer and a druggist who attended a Wagner concert. As the program did not please them they began talking on music in general and on Wagner in particular.

"Another example of the fact that every man wants to do something out of his line," said the druggist. "That's right," assented the grocer. "Now I'm a grocer, but I've always wanted to be a banker."

"You'd probably fail," added the druggist. "Look at me, I'm a success as a druggist, yet I've always wanted to write a book. This man Wagner tries his hand at music. Just listen to it. And yet we all know he builds good parlor cars."

There is a man in town who makes everyone mad who comes in contact with him, yet if called upon to give a description of himself, he would say that he is one of the most polite and affable men that ever breathed.

There are some choir leaders who act as if they believe the music in heaven will not be worth hearing until they get there to direct it.

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YOUNG FOLKS

Incident in McKinley's Life.
The Rev. Dr. James Chalmers of Elgin, Ill., tells the following story of President McKinley's boyhood days, which will illustrate his characteristic modesty:

John Robinson's circus was coming to town, and William wanted to go, but the money was not forthcoming to pay his admission. The McKinleys kept hens; so did their neighbors. The hens were hiding their nests. William's mother told him that by finding a hen's nest and bringing her the eggs day by day he could get together enough money to pay his own way into the circus.

And the boy did find a hidden nest just inside the line fence. Day by day he gathered the eggs. But the day before the circus was to come, being overanxious and going to collect his treasures too early in the morning, he started and drove from the nest the hen that was laying for him the golden eggs, when, lo and behold! she crossed the line fence and rejoined the neighbor's flock of hens where she belonged.

Poor William, downcast and crestfallen, hastened to his mother and without a moment's hesitation, but with tears in his eyes, said, "Mother, I can not go to the circus." And then he told her of his discovery that the eggs were not their own, but must be returned to their neighbors.

But when the boy came back after delivering to the neighbor the eggs he had collected, his mother, with a swelling pride which she had never before experienced, quietly said to him: "You have proved once more, my son, that honesty is the best policy, and you shall go to the circus, William, besides."

This incident, related by his mother, I repeated to Mr. McKinley one day at my own dinner table in my Columbus home when he was Governor of Ohio, and asked him if it was authentic. "Yes," he said, "and it was the lesson of my life. From that day I made it the motto of my life never to appropriate my neighbor's eggs; and"—he added, with a twinkle in his eye—"it has never kept me from going to the circus, either."



I've a Bee in my Bonnet.
So Mama just said.
My! I hope I get home
'Fore I'm stung on the head!"

Lightning and Feathers.

There is a woman up in the Adirondacks who used to believe in the old notion that a feather-bed is a protection against lightning, but she believes so no longer, and this is how she lost her faith: It seems that a party of tourists, being overtaken by a storm, sought shelter in the woman's cabin. Among them was a woman from New York, who was extremely nervous about the lightning, and when she uttered a little shriek and covered her face with a handkerchief, after a brilliant flash, the woman of the cabin asked her if she'd have a feather pillow to put on her head.

"No," answered the visitor; "I think that would not do any good."

"I guess it wouldn't," said the woman; "I used to believe in feathers and things, but after what happened last week, I don't believe in 'em any more."

"What was that?" asked one of the men.

"Why, two o' my ducks got hit by a streak o' lightning, an' stripped as clean o' feathers as pop's head, and pop ain't had a sign o' hair on his head for fifteen years. So feathers ain't no good, an' yer might as well sit still and take it as it comes."

A Curious Incident.

Horses will form strong attachments for dogs, but it does not often happen that a horse derives any real benefit from having a canine friend. The following case will show that a dog may sometimes return a horse's affection in a very practical manner. A man living in the country had a horse which hap-

pened to be turned out just as his carter was ready for pulling. He also had a dog that was on the best of terms with the horse. One day he noticed that his carter was disappearing very fast, but he was almost certain that no one had gotten in and stolen them. Still he determined to watch and see who was robbing him. His vigilance was rewarded, for he caught the thief in the very act of pulling up the carrots. Then he cautiously followed him from the garden and found that he went off in the direction of the field where the horse was. Arrived there, the owner of the carrots saw that his horse was the receiver of his stolen goods. The thief was his dog. In some way the dog had discovered that the horse had a partiality for carrots, and was unable to resist the temptation of the succulent morsels for his friend, and this he did without scruple at his master's expense. There was something more than instinct in this dog's aid. But any one who takes real notice of the habits and curious doings of animals must inevitably come to the conclusion that the theory is not tenable which maintains that animals can not think and reason.

New Neighbors.

"I see they are building a two-story house in our back yard," said papa.

"O papa, that won't be nice!" said Marjorie. "People will look into our windows!"

"Yes," said papa; "one of the builders was sitting on my window-sill this morning; but when he saw me he flew away."

"Oh, you mean a bird!" cried Nan Nan.

"A pair of the prettiest little yellow birds you ever saw," said papa.

"But what made you call their nest a two-story house?" asked Tom.

"Because it is one," answered papa.

"You see, there is a great, selfish cowbird, who is too lazy to build a nest for herself or take care of her own children; so when she spied the nest of our yellowbirds had made, she was mean enough to leave her great egg in it for her tiny neighbors to take care of."

"I would have smashed it, if I had been in their place!" cried Tom.

"They were not strong enough to break it, nor to roll it out of the nest," said papa, "and they did not like to build a new one in another place; so what did they do? They just put in a new floor right over the cowbird's egg and built the walls of their house a little higher. So they have left that egg in their cellar, where it will never bother them."

"Wasn't that smart!" said Nan Nan.

"Let's go and watch them."

"The children visited the yellowbirds every day; and they examined the nest after the young birds had flown away. Sure enough, safely stowed away in the cellar, as papa called it, was the cowbird's large, blotched egg—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

How Trees Cool the Air.

Not one person in ten, perhaps, looks upon a tree as a cooling agent beyond the effect produced by its shade. And yet it acts on the hot air around it just as a lump of ice acts on the water in a pitcher. Here is the explanation: The human body, as you know, maintains, when in a sound condition, a temperature of about 98 degrees, called blood-heat. Well, a tree as a body has a temperature of about 45 degrees, which is not affected by outside influences. You see, therefore, how a clump of trees, irrespective of the shade they make, can lower the temperature of the air around them; and when you consider the combined effect of this and the shade they make, you readily understand why the woods are so cool, and why it is wise to have little parks all over a city, and plenty of trees along the streets.

The Mosquito's Hum.

It has always been supposed that the humming sound made by the pestiferous mosquito is caused by the rapid action of its wings, but a Scotch scientist, who has been investigating the subject, says he has discovered at the base of the insect's wings an apparatus that probably produces the sound. It consists of a movable bar provided with tiny teeth, and as the wings are moved up and down the teeth rasp over a series of ridges. The discoverer is not sure that the sound is produced by this apparatus, but he says that it might well be, and further investigation may show conclusively that it is.

How to Be Happy Though Married.

Wife, make much of your husband. Flatter him discreetly, laugh at his jokes, don't attempt to put down his club, never tell him home truths and never cry. Husband, praise and admire your wife, and let other men admire her too. Don't interfere in her department. Be reasonable about money if you cannot be generous and not overfond of your own voice. And both of you: Be very tolerant, expect little, give gladly, put respect before everything, cultivate courtesy, and love each other all you can. If you do all this you are sure to be happy though married.—Maud Churton Braby in Grand Magazine.

A chesty man usually wears a small hat.

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

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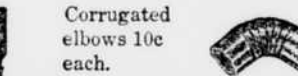
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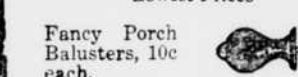
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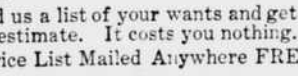
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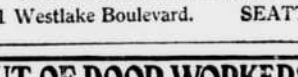
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The British House of Lords amended the old-age pension bill, but when the Commons rejected the amendments, the Lords passed the bill in the form in which it was sent to them. The aged British poor over seventy years of age will soon receive pensions of varying amounts, according to their income. The sums are fixed by a sliding scale which forms a part of the bill. Now the statesmen will devote themselves to finding money to pay the pensions. It will require thirty million dollars a year to start with, and is likely to need from fifty to a hundred millions within a decade.

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Boiled Ice.

Three cups granulated sugar, just enough boiling water to dissolve it. When it will solidify in cold water—after boiling without stirring—pour on the well-beaten whites of three eggs and stir constantly until cool.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

His Little Brown Peril.

Lampson—What do you think of the little brown peril?

Newlywed—Why, I think I'll have to get a cook, after all.

Lampson—Get a cook? I'm referring to the Japanese, man!

Newlywed—Oh, pardon me. I was thinking of that plate of biscuits my wife put on the table this morning.

Judge's Library.

Tomato Salad.

Cut five round tomatoes of uniform size in halves. Scoop out the pulp without breaking the skins. To a half cupful of cold diced tongue, add the tomato pulp and juice, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, enough to cover the tip of the spoon of cayenne, teaspoonful olive oil and juice of half a lemon. Fill the tomato skins and set on ice. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

A woman of 108 attributes her long life to the fact that she never has worn corsets. Most members of her sex will consider a corsetless life a waste of time.

Short Suggestions.
Mayonnaise seasoned with chili sauce gives a variation for fish and meat salads.

A milk strainer that gets clogged is easily cleaned by rubbing coarse salt through the wires.

A little sugar will destroy the salty taste of food caused by the too liberal use of the salt shaker.

The rhubarb of slender stock variety is sweeter than the mammoth growth. It is better for all purposes.

If, when using lemon for flavoring, you need only half a one, put the other half on a plate and cover with a glass tumbler. This excludes the air and prevents it from drying up or getting moldy.

Unless the most expensive salmon is used, the chances are it is not pure olive oil on the flesh, but an inferior grade. Always open the can, pour off the grease and turn cold water into the can. Rinse a number of times. If oil must be added, supply butter. It is far more desirable.

Nut and Celery Salad.

Cover one cup of walnut meats and two slices of onion with boiling water, to which is added a teaspoon of salt. Cook half an hour, drain, turn into ice-cold water for ten minutes, then rub off the brown skin. Add the nuts broken in small pieces to two cups of celery cut in small slices crosswise. Use only the white inner stalks; serve with cream dressing.



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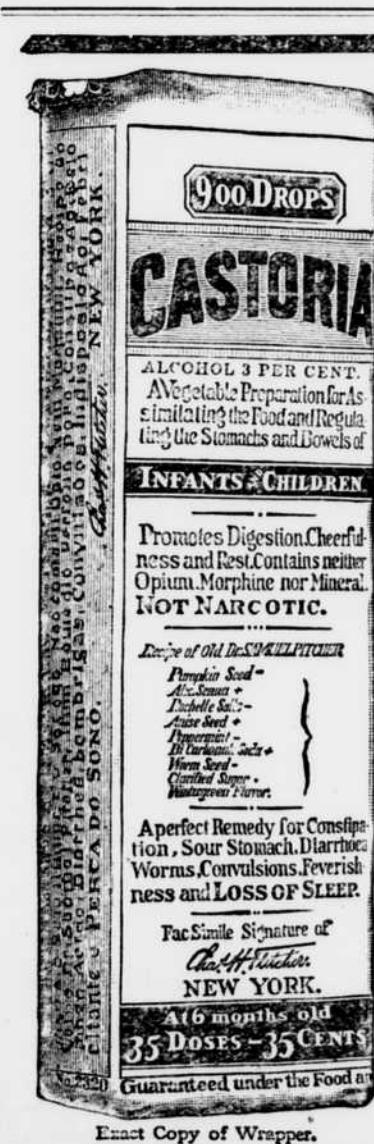
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MAPLEINE

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"Yes," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "But this is a mercenary age. The greatest number doesn't count unless it has a dollar mark in front of it."—Washington Star.

No girl has the same name when she grows up that she had when she was christened.

It is estimated that Italian rivers would yield between four and five million horsepower, of which scarcely 20 per cent is at present turned to account. The city of Rome has obtained a concession which will mean an addition of 25,000 horsepower, and Naples also adds 16,000 horsepower to her supply.

Solingen is the center of the cutlery industry in the German empire. There are firms in Solingen who do not sell a pound of product in Germany. Every item produced is for American orders. For the most part the goods are for large department stores in the United States, and comprise scissors, knives, manicure sets and the like.

In the United States last year 103,000,000 railway ties were used, which denuded 600,000 acres of forest to supply. The British railways are supplied from Russia, 4,000,000 ties a year being needed. The Russian forests are now so much exhausted that the peasants have to sledge the trees for making these ties a distance of twenty miles to get them to the rivers.

French Jelly.
Peel, halve and stone a dozen ripe peaches, boil them and the bruised kernels for fifteen minutes in a thin syrup made of 10 ounces of sugar and a half pint of water. Flavor juice with grated rind and strained juice of four lemons and strain through jelly bag. Add to this 1 ounce dissolved gelatin. Pour this into mold and set away to cool.

Fried Cream Tomatoes.
Slice unpeeled ripe tomatoes into thick slices and fry them in butter in the frying pan. When done put them on a hot dish and thicken the butter in the pan with a tablespoonful of flour. Stir to a smooth paste and pour upon this a generous cup of rich milk. Season to taste and stir to a smooth sauce, then pour over the tomatoes. Serve very hot.

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ALASKA SENTINEL

THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1908.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE C. L. SNYDER

Entered November 20, 1902, at the U. S. Postoffice in Wrangell, Alaska, as mail matter of the second class, according to the act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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JOB WORK
This office is equipped for all classes of commercial job printing, and reasonable prices will be furnished upon application.

GOOD TIMES AHEAD

In the spring of 1907, the Journal of accountancy published the views of several well known accountants with regard to the business outlook, and at the same time expressed editorially the opinion that, although a period of quietude and liquidation was to be expected, a panic was by no means inevitable. The articles by accountants were in general agreement as to the soundness of fundamental business conditions.

The panic came in October, and outwardly, i. e., in its superficial phenomena, it was the severest and most exciting this country ever suffered. A year has elapsed, and it is now possible to look the ground over thoroughly, and decide whether or not that panic was inevitable. Did it mean that business conditions in the United States were rotten? Will it take three or four years to clear away the debris from the panic?

We believe the accountants were right when they expressed faith in the soundness of American business. We all knew then that enterprise had made heavy inroads on the world's supply of loanable capital. The fact was evidenced by the high rates of interest which prevailed in Europe and the U. S. throughout 1906 and the spring of 1907, and by the decline of stock market prices due to the fact that investing had emptied their purses, and to the further fact that speculators could get no advance from banks. The railroads were prosperous, but they could not get the capital imperatively needed for equipment and extensions, and were besieging the money market with short term notes at high rates of interest.

All these things were known early in 1907, and nothing more is known now except that the banks of the United States had a weaker hold upon popular confidence than was commonly believed. The failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Co., the publication of rumors about other financial institutions in New York City, the reluctance of New York banks to give prompt help where it was needed, the issue of clearing house certificates, the suspension of cash payments—all these events came with dazzling suddenness and the panic was universal. For three months the business of the country was in a state bordering on asphyxiation, deprived of the breath of life, money and credit.

Now we look around in vain for the wrecks which one would naturally expect to see as the result of such a convulsion and complete breakdown of our credit machinery. The list of failures is larger than in 1906, but is small when compared with the list that followed 1893, especially when we bear in mind that the business of the country has more than doubled in the last fifteen years. A few weak railroad and industrial corporations have defaulted on interest, but the defaults were expected and could not have been averted except by a continuance of top-notch prosperity. A few banks have

failed, but the Knickerbocker and others have reopened and are gaining deposits. Railroad earnings have declined, but we are comparing their returns with boom years and, besides, we must not forget that their receipts are now showing the awful but temporary effect of the past panic period.

IT IS A SHAME

The papers from the north contain much of late in regard to the condition of the natives of the Tanana section. These Indians make it a practice each summer to prepare for winter by drying salmon, but the run of fish was so small during the past summer that few of the natives procured a sufficient quantity to carry them through the long winter; and the reports would indicate that there would be much suffering from hunger, and probably starvation among those tribes this winter.

It is indeed deplorable that while the tribes of the states—which have cost the government millions of dollars and hundreds of good soldiers—are living in dolce far niente, supplied with everything to keep their tables well supplied with food and plenty of warm clothing on their bodies, these tribes of Alaskan Indians—who are an industrious and peaceable people that have never given trouble by making warfare on the whites—are permitted to suffer for the bare necessities of life.

The Indian reservations in the states comprise the very choicest of land, upon which the white man is not allowed to settle, or even to hunt or fish. All the Indians are allotted land and furnished with lumber, brick, nails and paint with which to build good, comfortable modern houses. They are allowed food in the same quantity and of the same quality as is supplied to the soldiers of the U. S. army. They are also supplied with horses and farming implements free of any cost. These gifts are the Indians' recompense for waging war after war and conducting massacre after massacre.

In Alaska there are no reservations for the Indians. They are not furnished one single item, unless one considers a meagre schooling a gift. Everything the Alaska native gets he must work for, and at the hardest and most disagreeable work. Not only this, but the white man has encroached upon his trapping, hunting and fishing grounds until there are scant supplies of fur animals, game and fish. These Indians are not even allowed to extract the natural mineral wealth of their native land.

The lot of the Alaskan Indian is indeed a bare one, and it is to be sincerely hoped that our government will find a way to lend the suffering northern tribes a helping hand before it is too late.

From the subscriptions sent to this paper from people outside of Alaska, over four hundred dollars are annually brought into Wrangell, and ninety dollars out of each hundred are spent here. Besides this, the paper has been the means of bringing many another dollar to town through big game hunters. The business of this office has necessitated considerable letter writing, and many letters have been received by the office. This has helped the postoffice business by the amount of cancellation. Do these small items help any? We think so. Is there any other one business in the town that brings into the town each year \$400 from outside of Alaska? Some will say "yes, the fish and furs." We admit that either of these industries brings in vastly more, but both of these industries are supplied by nature. When one considers the clear gain to the community, the outside money brought to the territory by the newspaper is not to be sneezed at.

That gun affair at Petersburg last week should be an example to anybody who has any idea of taking the life of any other person, and a warning not to go about telling what he is going to do. When one goes hunting trouble, he usually gets it in massive doses.

SOME GROWLS ABOUT BUSINESS

Thus far nobody has cornered the market on knowledge. You can learn something every day, and no one will charge you for it.

Nobody knows the value of truth telling in business so well as the man who has been cheated by a liar.

A crook is a crook, whether his picture is in the rogues' gallery or blazoned on a gilt sign.

There is a little four-letter word which enriches the English language immeasurably, and will also enrich you if you will just let its real meaning soak in—Tact. If you haven't any yourself, hire some wick.

If you are nursing a private grudge, wean it.

The geniality that is insincere has a mildewed smell, and is not worth the effort.

The fundamental law in business is that a man shall attend to his own business.

You can find plenty of people to tell you how to run your business, but you won't be satisfied with the result.

If you must speak ill of your neighbor, do it where only a mean man will hear you—that is, when nobody is around but yourself.

Japan is taking timely steps to heal the sore places created in the American mind by her bombastic yearners after war that was one of the conspicuous results of her late entanglement with Russia. Every word that comes from the island kingdom these days is fraught with friendliness for the United States, and the old sense of uneasiness that was so apparent on both sides of the Pacific a year or so ago has subsided to a point where each land is looking gladly and willingly to the other for good will and mutual understanding. It is an excellent change of sentiment. The two countries are bound to have much in common through the years to come, commercially and diplomatically, and if a happy predicate can be established for the interchange of these large and commanding affairs, it were will to lay it now and in such fashion that its disruption shall be difficult and undesired by the peoples at interest. Every friendly national tie is another barrier against the senseless commercial wars that spring all too quickly and disastrously in these days of bargain-counter politics and monetary rule.

It is a well known fact that the greater number of industries that a town has, the more prosperous is that town, and the higher are the values of property. It must also be true that the fewer the industries in a town, the lower property values are bound to be. Every industry that brings money, however little, into the town, helps to keep up property values. If any industry is driven out of a town by lack of support, those who refuse their encouragement of that industry are helping to cut down the value of property. If ever you have the misfortune to own property in any town where an industry is discouraged, bear in mind that those who discourage it are enemies to your interests. And if this is true, you are not under obligations to trade or do business with them. You would act with better judgment to trade with those who reciprocate by standing by the industries that are helping you.

Petersburg is a glowing example of what may be accomplished by concerted action on the part of the citizens of a town. Envy among the business men of that town is an unknown quantity. Every industry is encouraged by patronage, as all the citizens realize that what is a direct benefit to one is an indirect benefit to everyone in the entire community. And that is the very reason why Petersburg has almost doubled in population, and improved so wonderfully in appearance during the past year.

Which man is worth the most to a town, the one who owns no property and leaves debts unpaid, or the one who pays taxes on property and owes no man a cent?

SERIAL NO. 088 SOLDIER'S ADDITIONAL HOMESTEAD ENTRY BY ASSIGNEE

U. S. LAND OFFICE,
Juneau, Alaska, Sept. 15, 1908.
NOTICE is hereby given that Lewis P. Hunt, whose postoffice address is Mankato, Minnesota, the legal assignee of Thomas McCormack, beneficiary under Section 2306, Revised Statutes of the United States, granting additional lands to soldiers and sailors who served in the Army or Navy of the United States during the War of the Rebellion, has applied to enter the lands embraced in U. S. Survey No. 215, situated on the south shore of Shakan Strait, and more particularly described as follows:
Beginning at Corner No. 1, 15 links above high tide line of Shakan Strait, a stone marked Beg. Cor. No. 1 S. 215, whence U. S. Location Monument No. 5 bears N. 8 degrees 22 minutes W. 37.02 chains distant; thence S. 44 deg. 00 min. E. 42.67 chs. to Cor. No. 2, a stone marked S. 215; thence S. 46 deg. 00 min. W. 19.34 chs. to Cor. No. 3, a stone marked S. S. 215; thence N. 44 deg. 00 min. W. 42.67 chs. to Cor. No. 4, on high tide line of Shakan Strait, a stone marked S. S. 215; thence along said high water mark (1) N. 67 deg. 00 min. E. 6.30 chs.; (2) N. 43 deg. 32 min. E. 4.60 chs.; (3) N. 38 deg. 00 min. E. 9.10 chs. to Cor. No. 1, the place of beginning. Area, 79.589 acres. Magnetic variation at all corners 33 deg. 00 min. E. as additional to the said McCormack's original homestead on the east half of the southeast quarter of section eight, in township 10 south of range 1 west, which he entered at New Orleans, La., per Homestead Entry No. 8, dated January 17th, 1867.

Any and all persons claiming adversely any portion of the above described tract of land are required to file with the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Juneau, Alaska, their adverse claim thereagainst, under oath, during the period of the publication of this notice, or within thirty days thereafter, or they will be barred by provisions of the statutes.
LEWIS P. HUNT.
It is hereby ordered that the foregoing notice be published for the statutory period in the ALASKA SENTINEL, a weekly newspaper published at Wrangell, Alaska.
JOHN W. DUNN, Register.

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